

AUTUMN
ISSUE
No. 5

D5/28

SM
★
A
QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

The BARKER

10¢

brings a
BIG SHOW
to town!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

ACTION, LAUGHS ^{AND} THRILLS!

HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

POLICE
COMICS
SMASH
COMICS

FEAR
COMICS
CRACK
COMICS



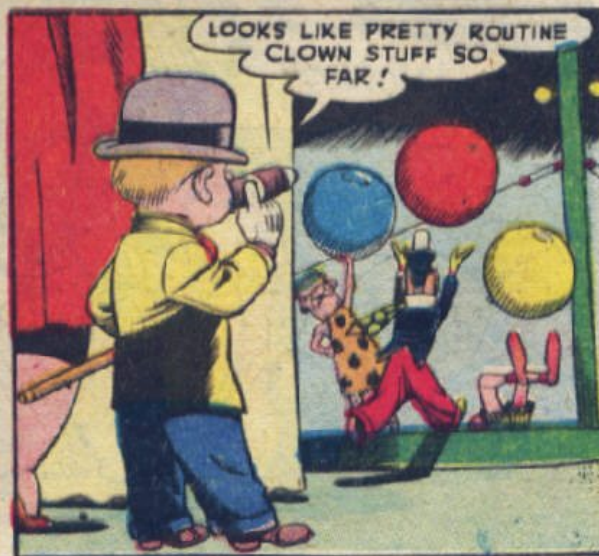
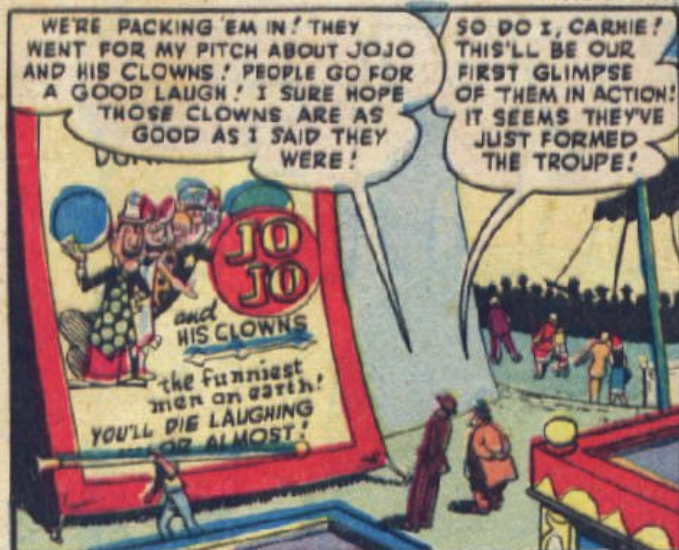
BARKER

Pleasure seekers always get their money's worth at **COLONEL LANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS!**

But everyone, including **Carnie Calahan**, the genial **Barker**, almost **DIED LAUGHING** at Jojo and his clowns!

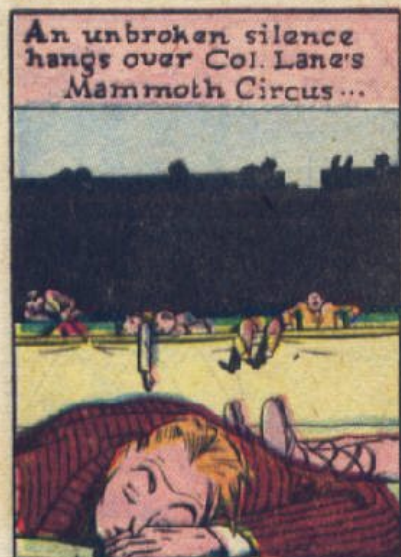
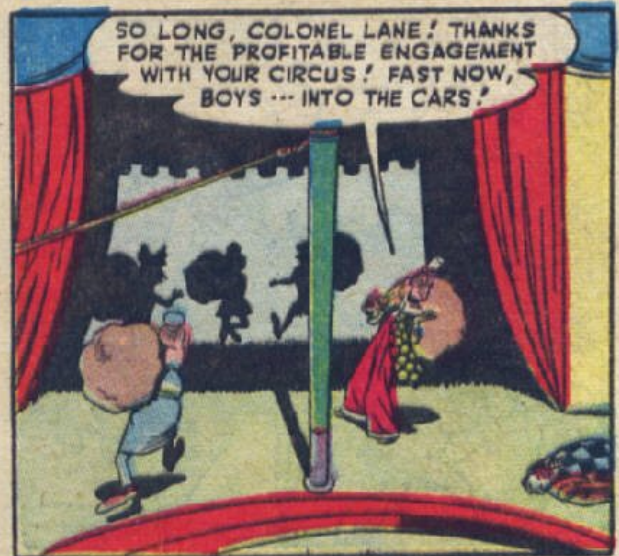
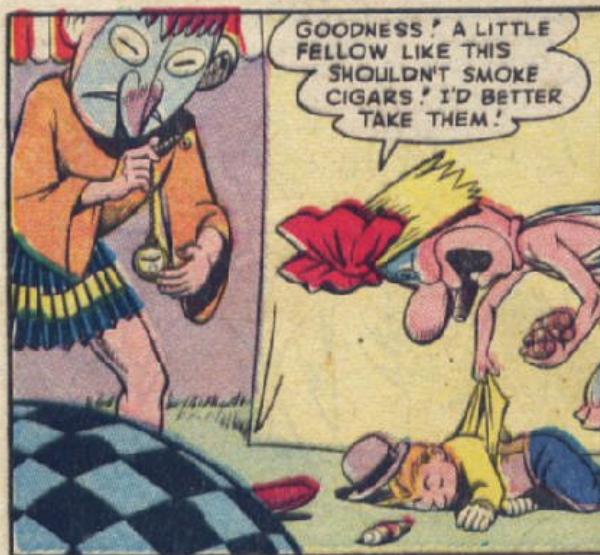
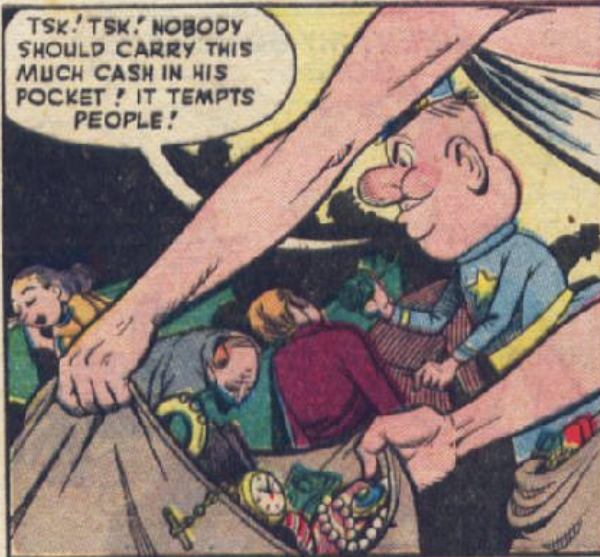
By *Klaus Nordling*

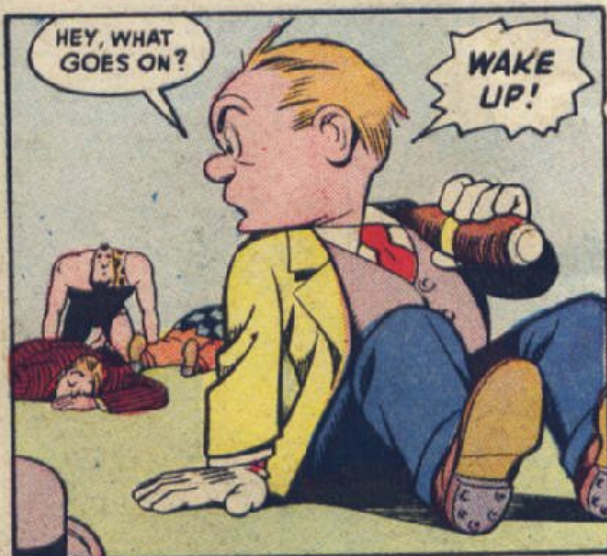




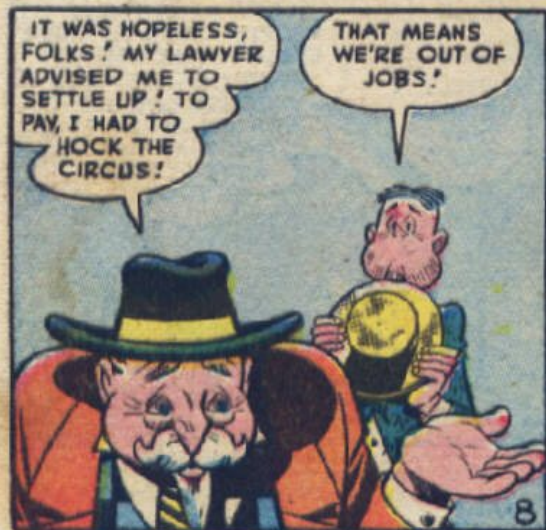
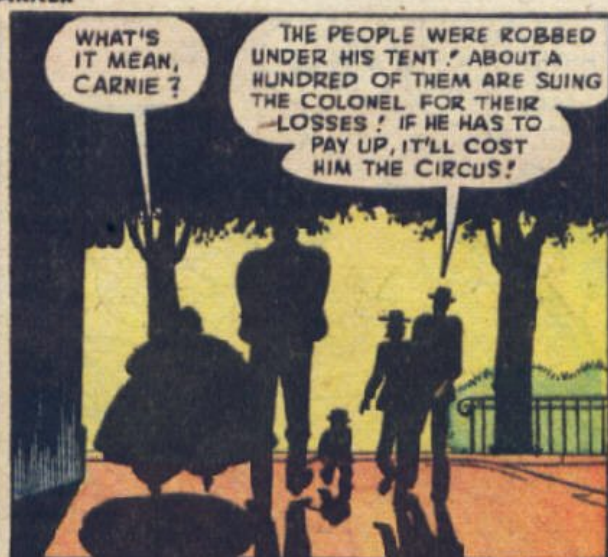


THE BARKER









Later, in a distant city....



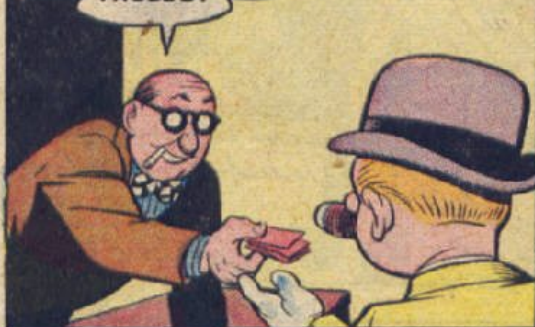
GEE, I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU BOYS, BUT I JUST BOOKED AN ACT INTO THE LAST OPEN SPOT I HAD IN TOWN!

TOO BAD! THANKS ANYWAY, MAX!



HEY, IF YOU BOYS ARE TIRED OF TRAMPING THE STREETS, YOU MIGHT REST FOR A FEW HOURS IN THE ACME THEATRE! THAT'S WHERE I BOOKED THAT ANIMAL MASQUERADE ACT! HERE ARE SOME PASSES!

THANKS! I WON'T MIND SITTING DOWN FOR AWHILE!



TOY BALLOONS AND BIG HEAD MASKS! THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THOSE PROPS!

WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT, CARNIE?



LISTEN! I'VE GOT A HUNCH! WAIT RIGHT HERE FOR ME! I'LL BE BACK IN TIME FOR THE SHOW!



A little while later....

BUT WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM?

USE 'EM WHEN I SAY SO!



THE ANIMAL ACT COMES ON NOW! LOOK SHARP, FELLERS!

HEY, CARNIE, YOU DON'T THINK... HOLY SMOKE! I GET IT! AND I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!





THE BARKER



WELL, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE A TASTE OF IT!



THEY'RE NUTS! THEY THINK IT'S FUNNY!



FIRST THEY LAUGH... THEN THEY FALL ASLEEP... JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE! WHAT DOES IT, CARNIE?

NOW I'VE PROVED IT! **LAUGHING GAS**... IN THE BALLOONS!



AND YOU MEAN TO SAY THEY ACTUALLY KNOCKED US OUT WITH LAUGHING GAS? GOSH! WHEN THE ACT STARTED, I THOUGHT **THAT** WAS ENOUGH TO PUT US TO SLEEP!

NATURALLY! THEY AREN'T PERFORMERS... THEY'RE CROOKS! TAKE YOUR MONEY AND JEWELS BACK, FOLKS!



AND NOW WE'LL GET EVERYTHING YOU STOLE FROM OUR CIRCUS AUDIENCE... AND DON'T TELL US YOU SPENT IT ALL!

WE'LL GIVE IT TO YOU, CALAHAN! WE SPENT SOME OF IT, BUT MOST OF IT'S LEFT!



OH, BOY! THIS MEANS COLONEL LANE CAN TAKE THE SHOW OUT OF HOCK AND WE CAN GO BACK TO WORK! WAIT'LL LENA AND THE REST OF THE GANG HEAR ABOUT THIS!

WHEW! WHAT A HAUL! YOU CROOKS'LL DO A LONG STRETCH FOR THIS!



A few days later...

...AND IN ADDITION TO ALL THESE ATTRACTIONS, FOLKS, WE HAVE COLONEL LANE'S ORIGINAL, OLD-FASHIONED CLOWNS... NOTHING NEW... NOTHING FANCY... JUST SIMPLE, HONEST CLOWNS!

THAT'S MY BOY... ALWAYS SETTING THINGS STRAIGHT!

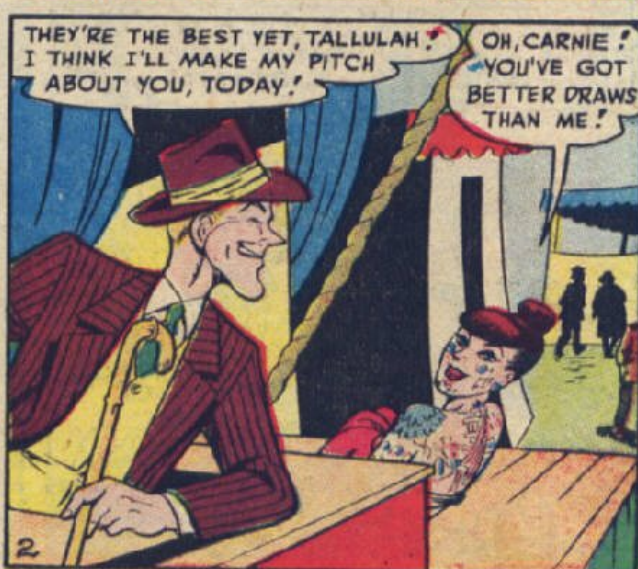
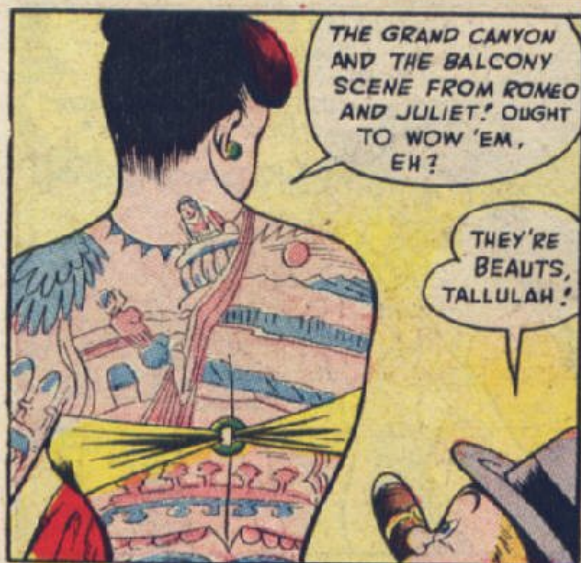
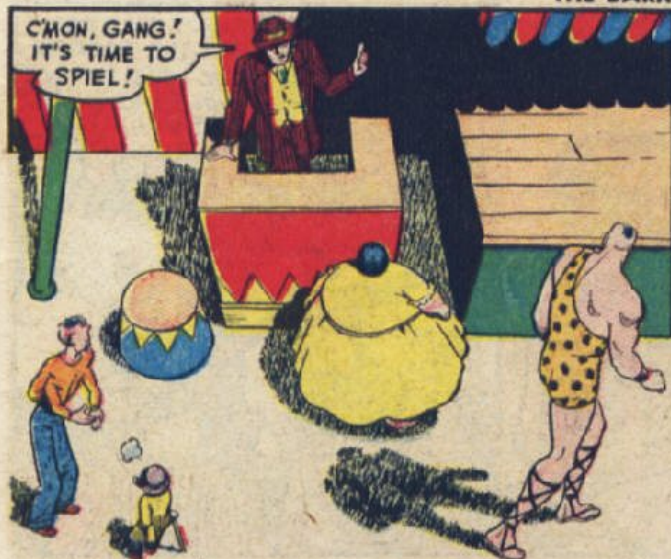
THE BARKER

THAT'S A SWELL
PICTURE, SAILOR, BUT
I'M AFRAID IT WON'T STACK
UP WITH THE GALLERY ON THE
DECORATED EPIDERMIS OF
THE ONE AND ONLY
**TALLULAH, THE
TATTOOED LADY!**



Klaus Nordling

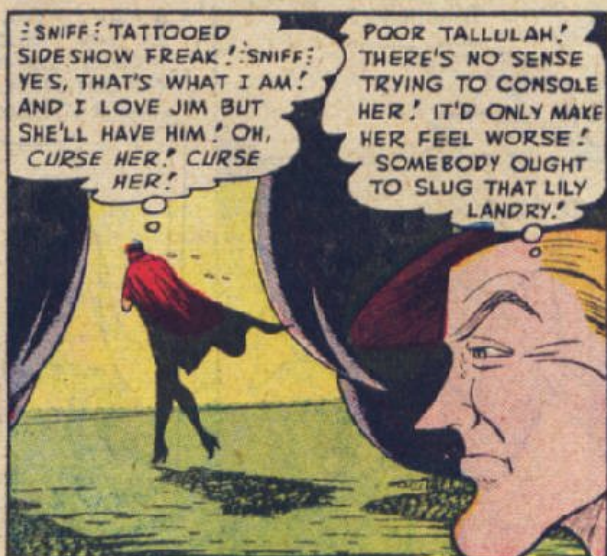
Carnie Calahan, the gay barker of Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus, makes a breezy pitch for the tattooed lady, little dreaming that she also bears the invisible mark of tragedy upon her!



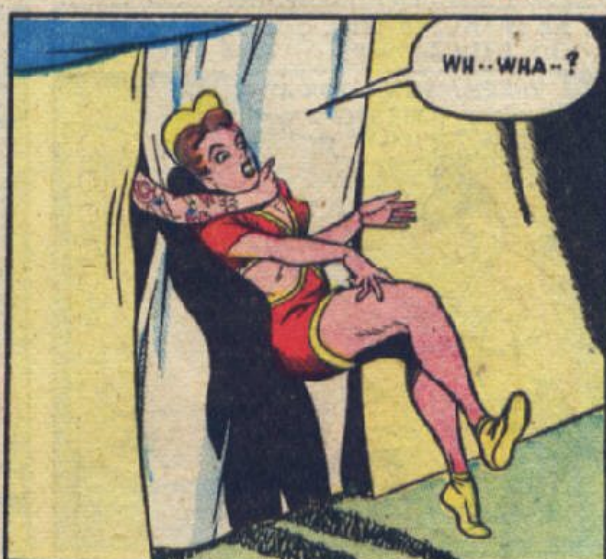
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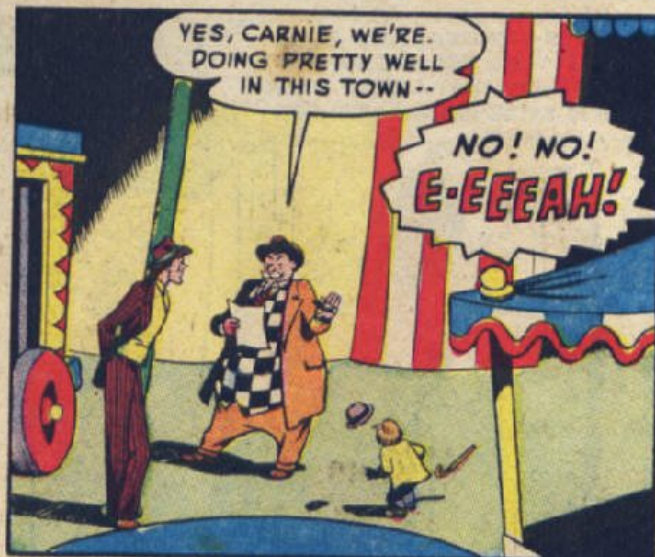


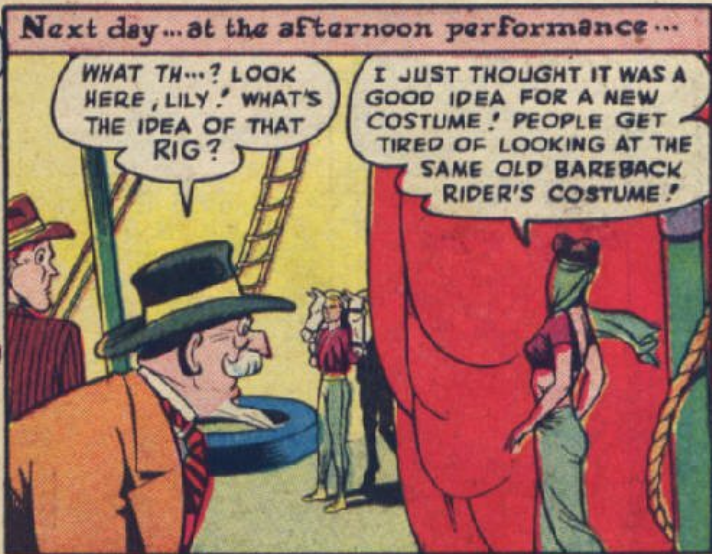


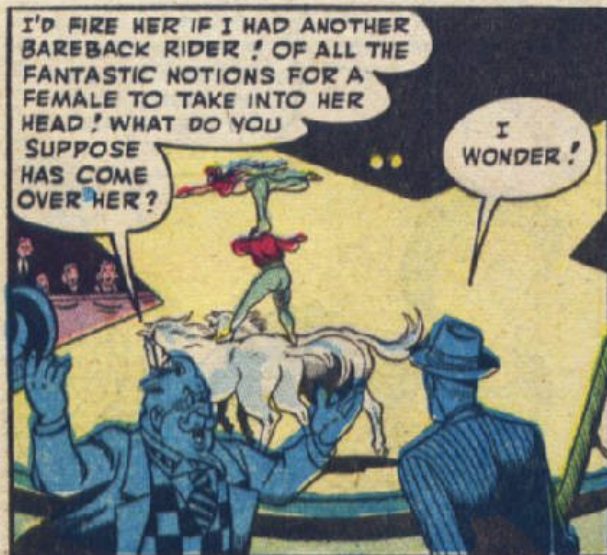


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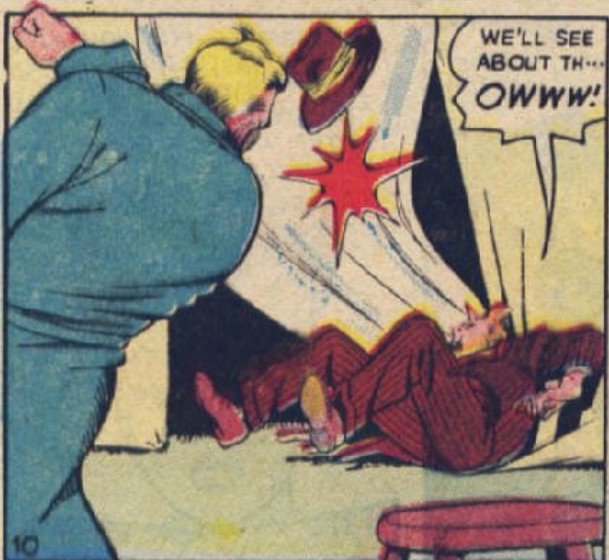






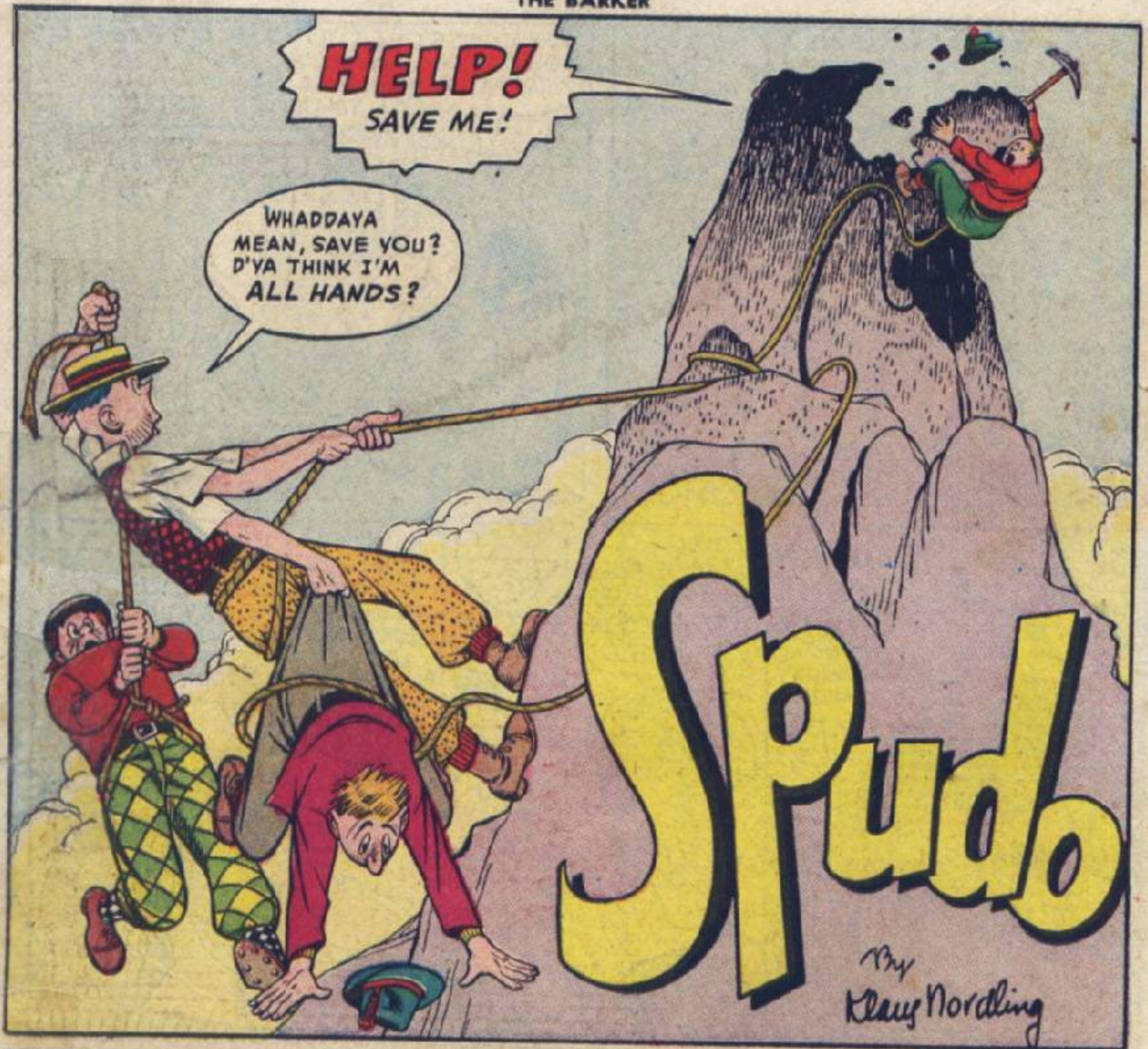


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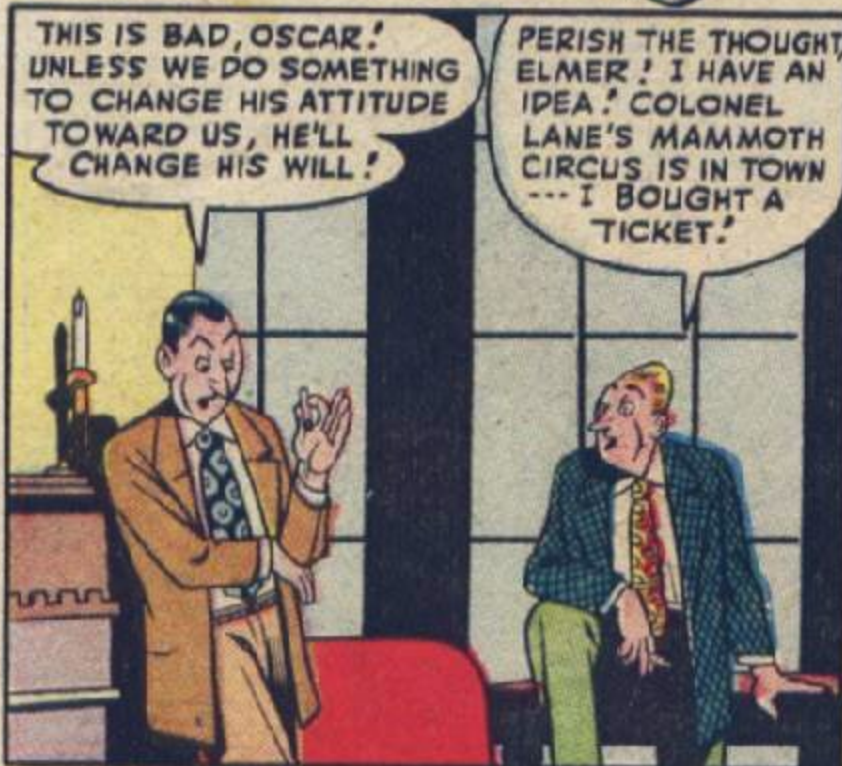


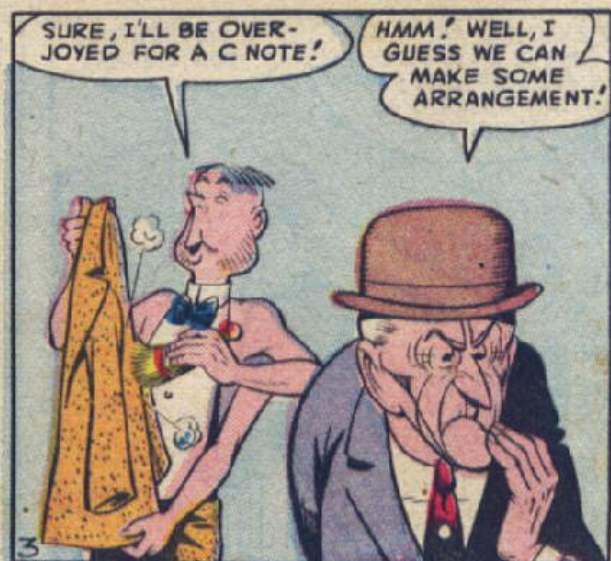
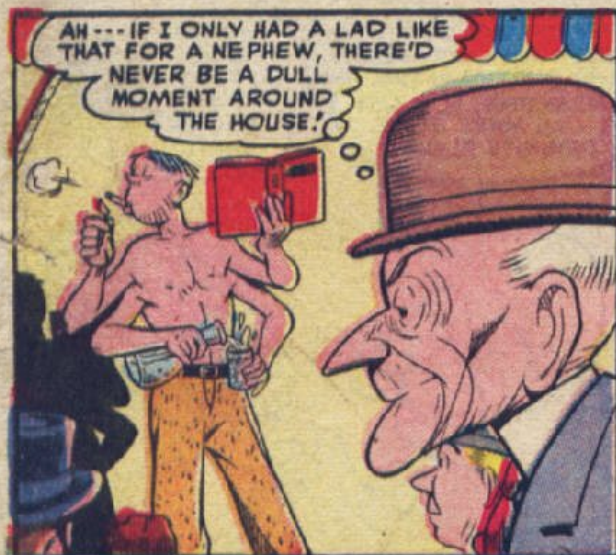


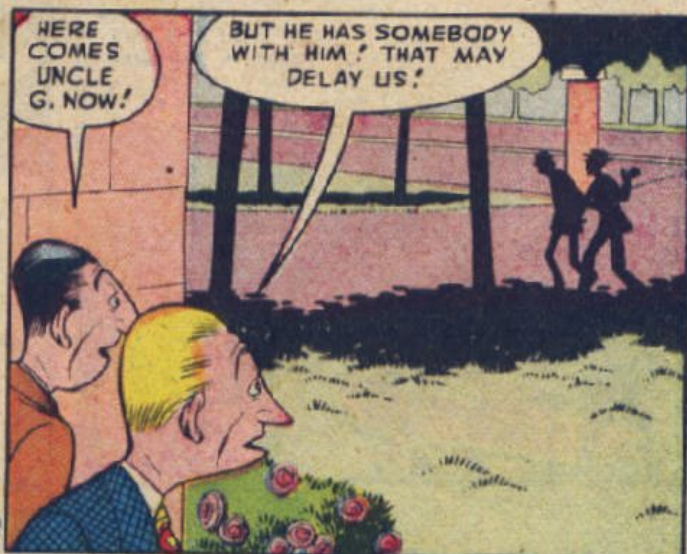
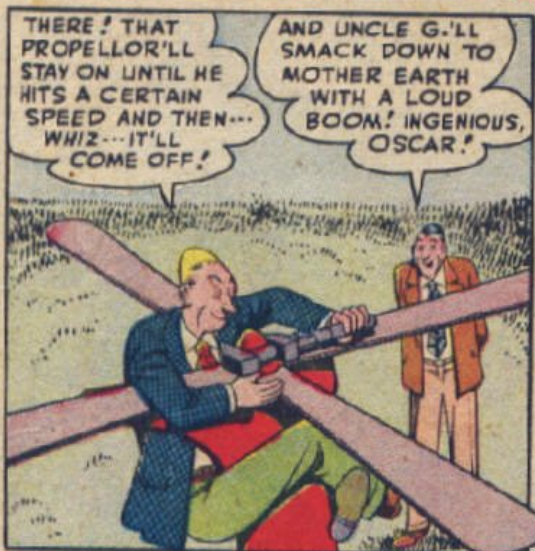
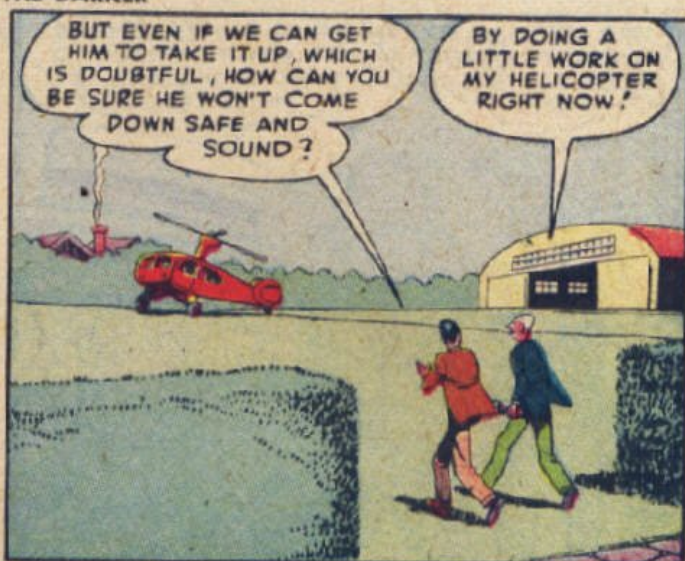


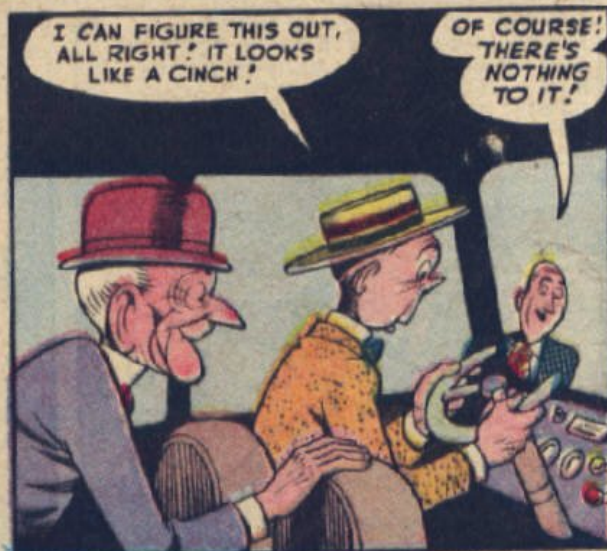


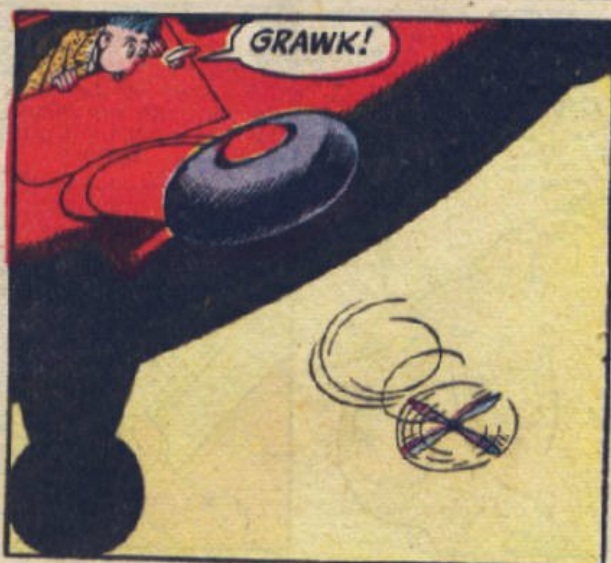
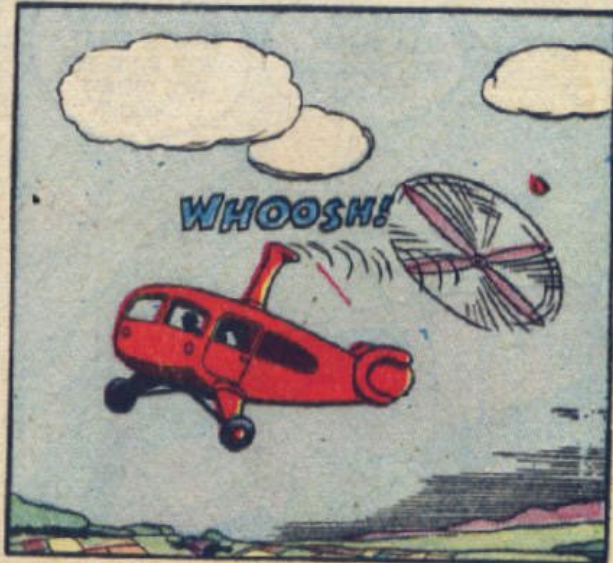
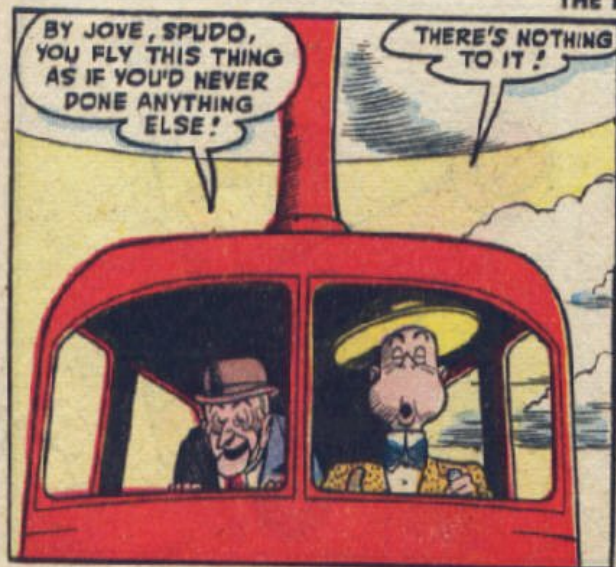
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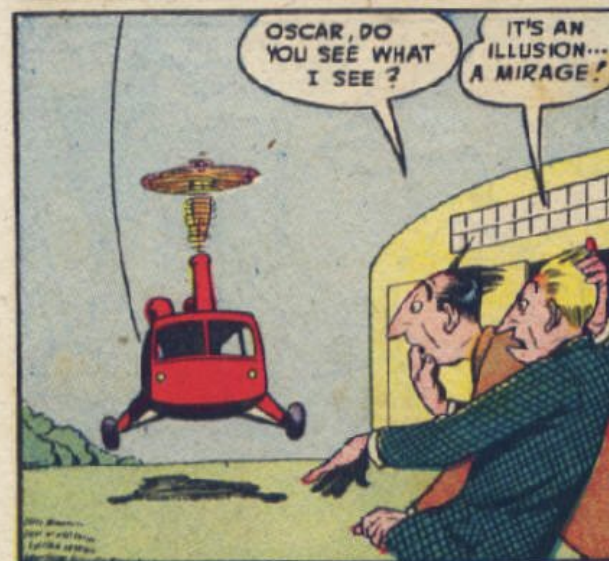


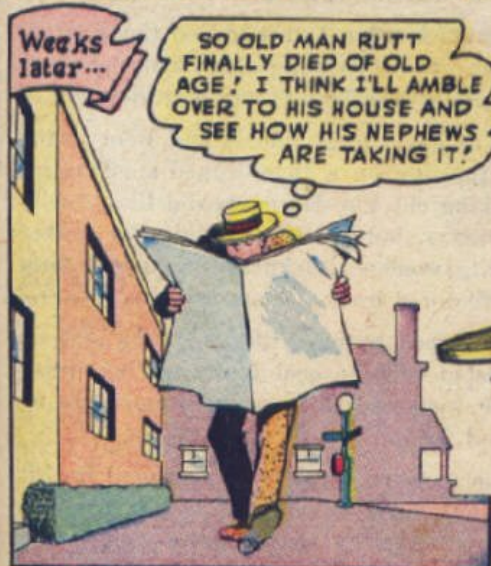
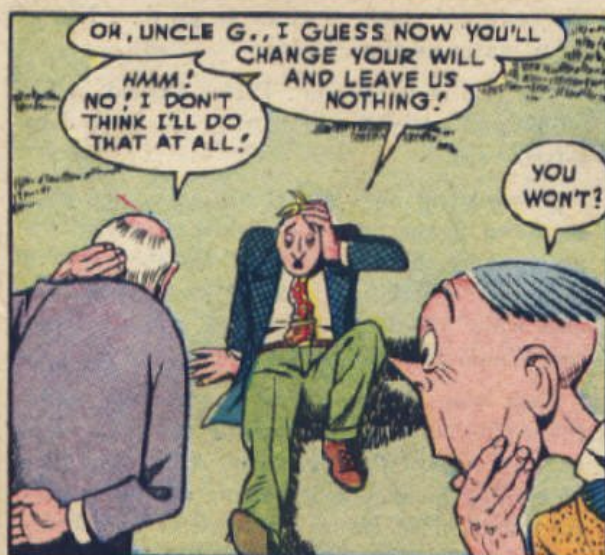
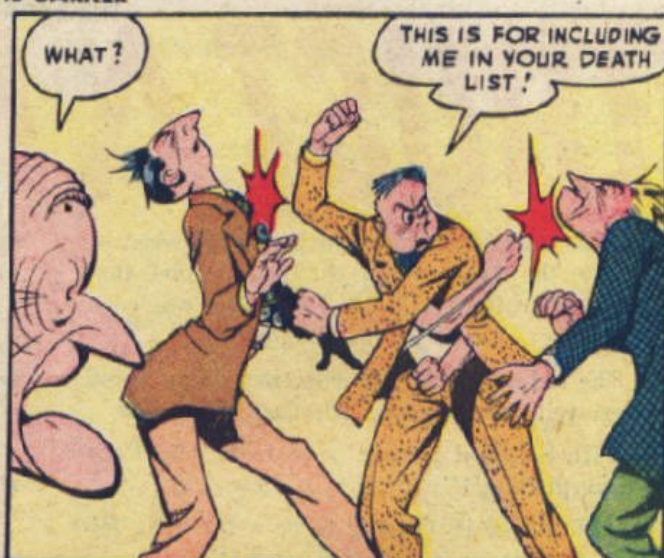












TRUST A MOUNTY

JACK was playing with his pet skunk when he saw the flash of red through the firs that lined the rutted trail. He knew who was coming. Sergt. Lance of the Mounties.

The red-coat rode into view in a minute and drew rein near Jack. "Hi, Jack," he said.

"Hi, Sergeant Lance," said Jack. "Isn't my skunk growing?"

"Indeed he is. Getting to be a fat little fellow. . . . Where is your dad, Jack?"

"My dad?" Jack felt a little pang of fear shoot up his back. Then: "Dunno. Mebbe cutting trees in the pack pasture. Why?"

The Mounty dismounted and flung the rein over a bush. The horse would stand, ground-hitched. "I'll mosey up to the pack pasture, Jack. Mind watching my horse?"

Jack wanted to go along, but the Mountie's order halted him. Although he knew that Lance knew that the horse would stand. Lance just didn't want him listening to what he had to say to his dad.

I wonder, thought Jack, what he wants with Dad. Mounties don't usually want to see people when everything's all right. What has my pop done?

Sergt. Lance strode off without further words and soon vanished in the thick brush surrounding the Potter clearing. They had homesteaded in this lonely region of Alberta only two years, were getting it cleared off slowly.

My dad never did nothing to nobody, said Jack stoutly to himself. What can Lance want with him?

A little later the red-coat appeared with Rand Potter in tow. Jack's dad was wiping the sweat from his face with a large blue bandana.

"Run and saddle up Pink, will you, boy?" said his father easily.

"W-where ya going, Dad?" faltered Jack.

"Just into town for a pow-wow, son. Hurry now and saddle the hoss."

Jack ran to the log stable and soon had the

saddle and bridle on old Pink. He led her out to where the two men conversed in low tones.

Rand Potter mounted slowly. "I might just be pretty late gettin' home, boy," he said. "Mebbe you'd best skedaddle over to the Griffin's where ya maw is. I'll git back soon's I can."

"Ya mean," began Jack. "You might be gone all night?"

The older man shook his head. "Naw, just mighty late, Jack. You do what I tell you. Feed the cows an' chickens afore ya go . . . I'll be seein' ya in no time. Giddap!"

The two men rode off. Potter turned in his saddle and waved at the turn in the road. Jack waved back.

It was silent now. Awful still and quiet. Jack sat down in the dust and looked glumly at the place where the two men had vanished around the bend. He didn't like the looks of it. Not Dad ridin' off that way. Acting kinda strange, too. Wants me to shuck off to the Griffin's. . . .

Jack was suddenly angry with the whole thing. It wasn't right, it wasn't. He got up and shuffled toward the log house. About this time of evening he should be cutting a pile of wood for the fireplace. He looked at the ax and shrugged. He'd feed the chickens.

In the chicken lot, he called and threw handfuls of corn to the cackling hens fluttering about his feet industriously pecking at grains.

Next, he got a large bucket and went to the barn. Squatting on a three-legged stool he began milking old Flo. He never did like to milk the two cows, but he usually did. His mother was a *city* woman and knew little about farm chores. She had been a school *marm*.

Jack finished milking the two cows and set the pails of milk to cool in the spring house. Then he went to the house, got down the oil lamp and lit it.

The house seemed quiet and shadowy. He felt hungry but made no attempt to get anything for dinner. Stealthy sounds came to his ears,

strange little noises he had never heard before. Pshaw! He was acting like a ninny! . . . Whoo!

W-what was that? There it went again.

"Owl," he told himself. The prairie darkness was upon the land now. The lamp cast a fitful light. The wind began blowing softly around the cabin. Then suddenly it was whooping and whistling under the eaves.

Jack began to get frightened. There were eery voices in the wind. He was angry, too, because his dad had not told him what was going on. And now Maw away. No, he wouldn't go to the Griffin's tonight. There were wolves running at night across the plains.

Jack was real angry, trying to hold back the tears of fright. He took off his wide-brimmed hat and sailed it across the little room. It hit the lamp chimney, knocking it crashing to the floor. The lamp followed. A gout of red flame leaped out. The oil, aflame, raced across the floor and spattered, burning, over the rough curtains at the windows. In a moment the cabin was a furnace of roaring flames.

Jack ran outside, wringing his hands, not knowing what to do. A draft through the open door caused the flames to leap over the threshold and catch to the sere, brown grass that was knee-high outside.

Then the flames went whooping across the yard and soon caught the stable. Jack ran, yelling, to the barn and turned the cattle loose. In a moment the log stable was a mass of flames. The cabin was a cube of raw fire.

Jack watched the brush and trees catch afire across the clearing and then he knew that the whole world was ablaze. Nothing could stop a fire on a windy night such as this. And he had caused the fire!

Sobbing, the lad loped down the hill toward the trail and grabbed up his pet skunk. He hurried off into the night hardly conscious of direction.

Behind him he could hear the crackling and rearing of the flames. The wind was rising. There was no telling what the fire would do on such a night.

Jack stumbled and plodded on, hoping he would come to some cabin or settlement. He had lost his sense of direction entirely. He hoped

he was going toward the Griffith's. Toward his maw.

Suddenly on both sides of him he saw flames leaping and dancing. Then behind him he caught the evil red glare. He was being surrounded! He'd have to hurry to escape. The skunk whimpered from the terrific squeezing it was getting.

Voices. The shout of someone at a team. Then Jack stumbled into a dusty road. A team of horses was galloping toward him. He yelled. The team stopped. It was Hance Griffin. Mrs. Griffin, their four small children, and Jack's mother were in the wagon.

"Get in, boy!" shouted Griffin. "We gotta hurry. Our place is going up in smoke. Come on!"

"So is ours," sobbed Jack. "An' I did it!"

But nobody seemed to hear his words in the noise of the fire. They went careening along the rutted road. Then suddenly flames were leaping across the road. Griffin shouted at his lathered horses, lashing them with a whip. They leaped.

A great tree crashed down, its trunk flattening the team. The wagon plunged to a stop against the hot flanks of the downed horses, nearly tossing the occupants over the front.

"My gosh!" cried Griffin. "The team's done, and we're surrounded by fire! We gotta get outa here some how."

"Where's Dad?" screamed Mrs. Potter.

"The Mounties have him," sobbed Jack.

And that was the last thing he knew. A sudden pall of blackness, solid and cold, settled over him. He came to with his face and shirt seaking wet. He was coughing and gasping. His face felt singed.

"W-where—" he muttered.

A cool hand lifted his head. He looked into the burned, blackened face of Sergt. Lance.

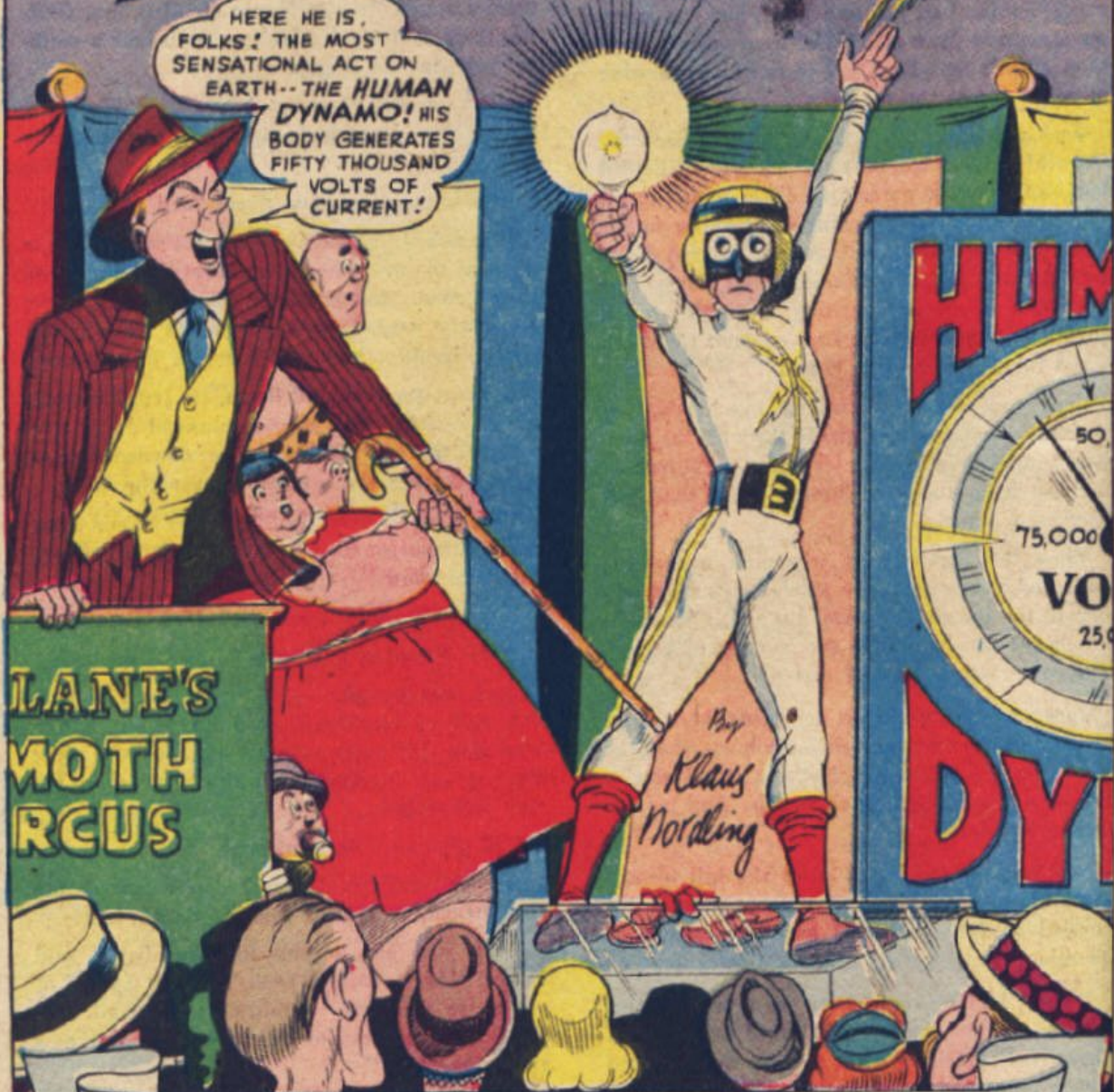
"We just got to you in time, boy," said Lance. "If it hadn't been for that skunk of yours we probably wouldn't have found you. He came loping out of the brush and your paw recognized him."

"Paw!" gasped Jack. "Didn't you 'rest him?"

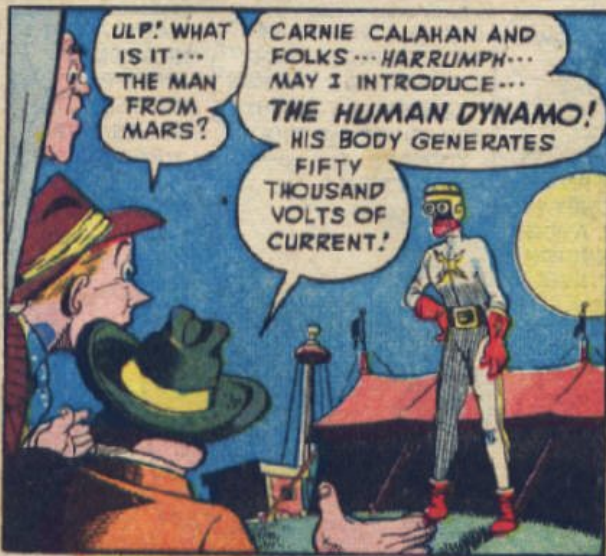
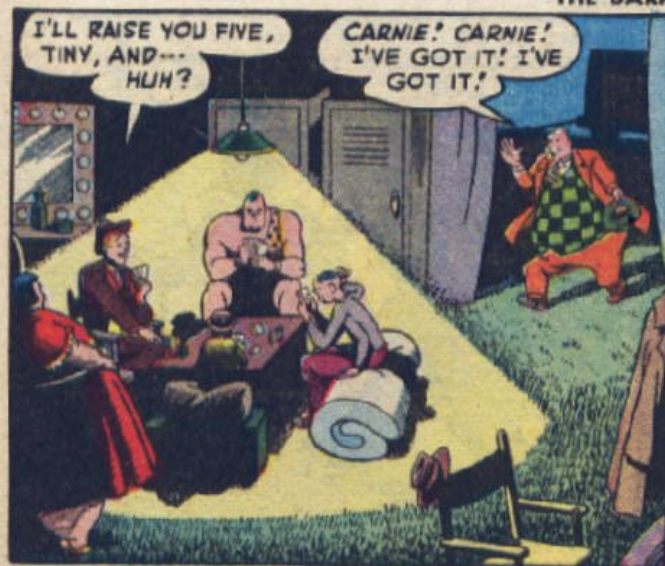
Lance chuckled. "Gosh no! Just wanted him to sign some deed papers."

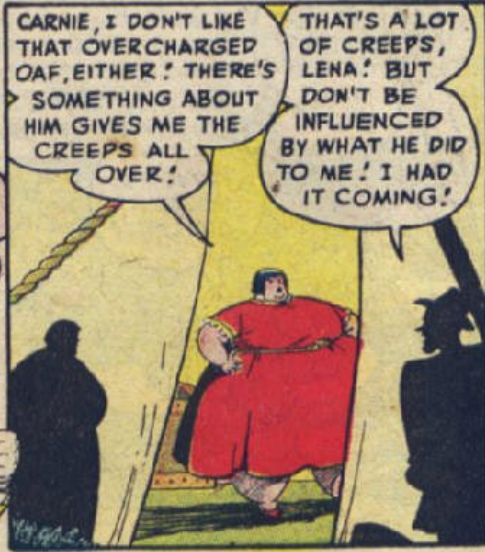
THE BARKER

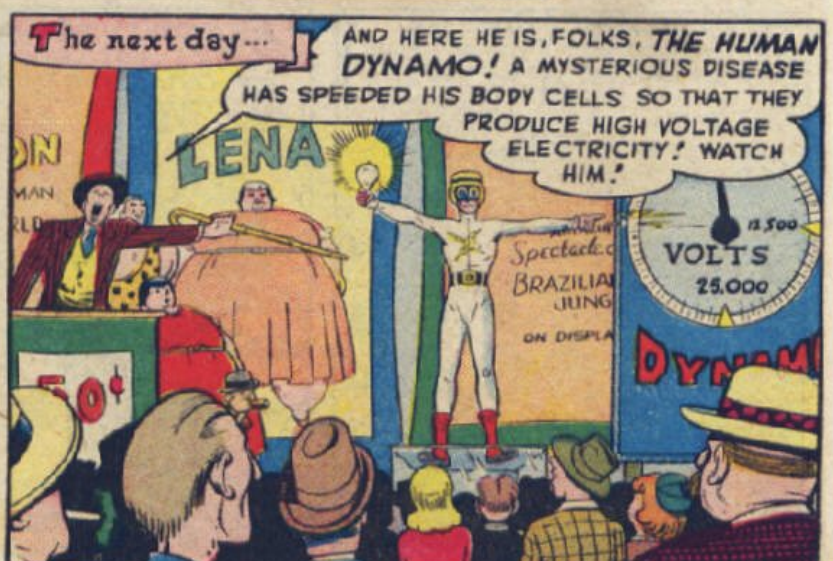
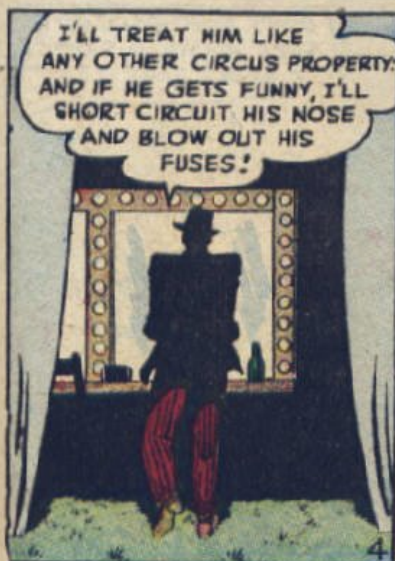
HERE HE IS,
FOLKS! THE MOST
SENSATIONAL ACT ON
EARTH-- THE **HUMAN
DYNAMO!** HIS
BODY GENERATES
FIFTY THOUSAND
VOLTS OF
CURRENT!

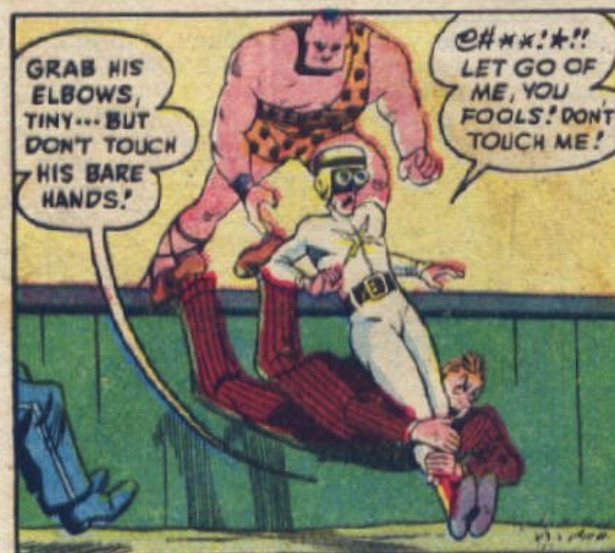


As Carnie Calahan, **THE BARKER**, soon discovered...
their newest attraction generated a reign of terror that
nearly put Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus out of business!



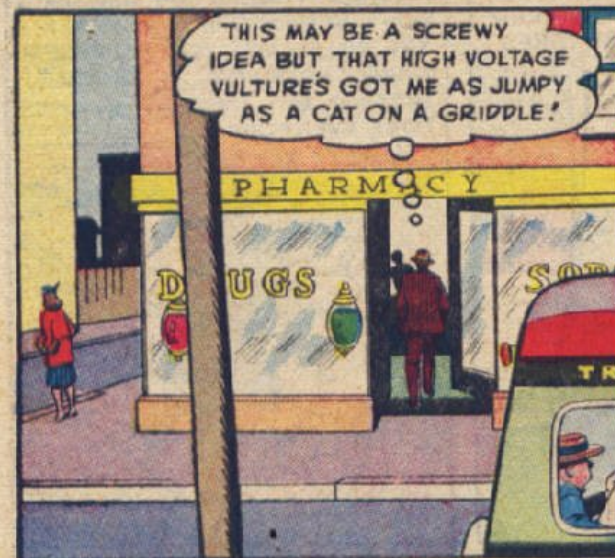
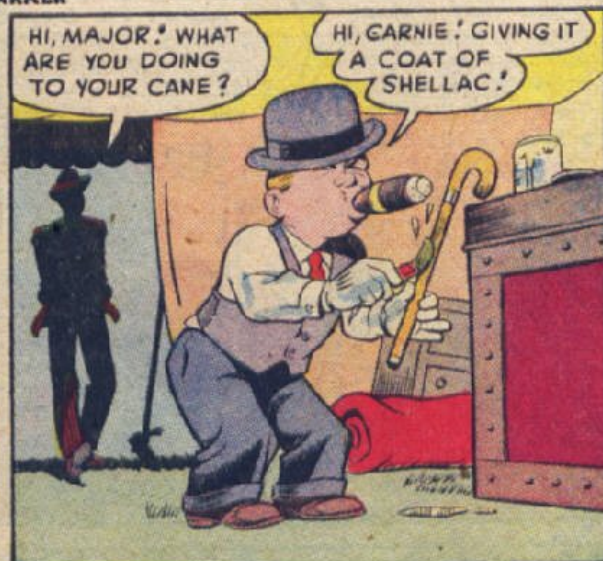


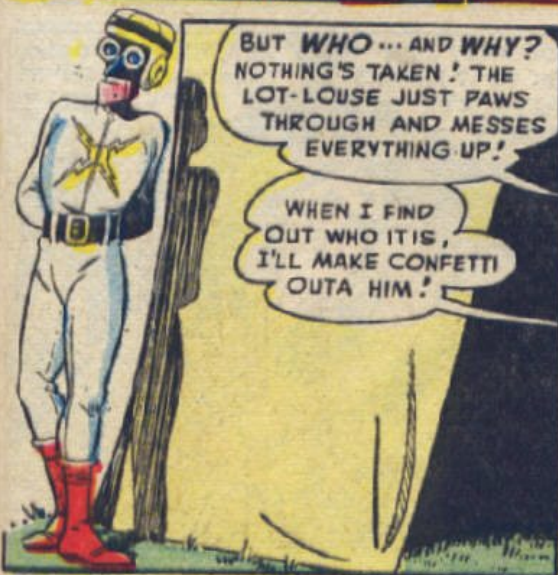


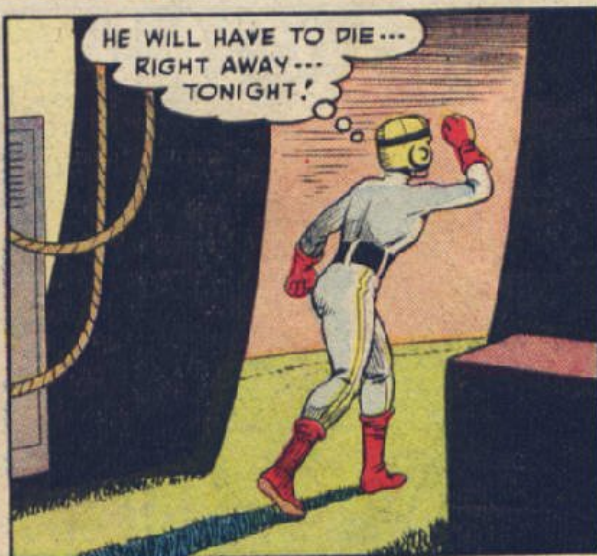


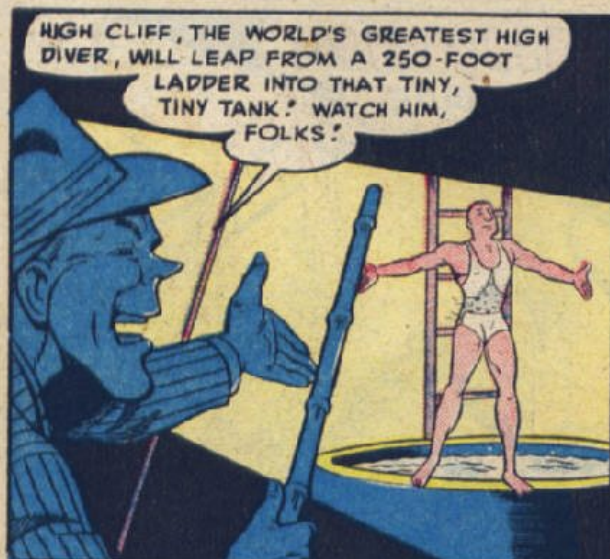
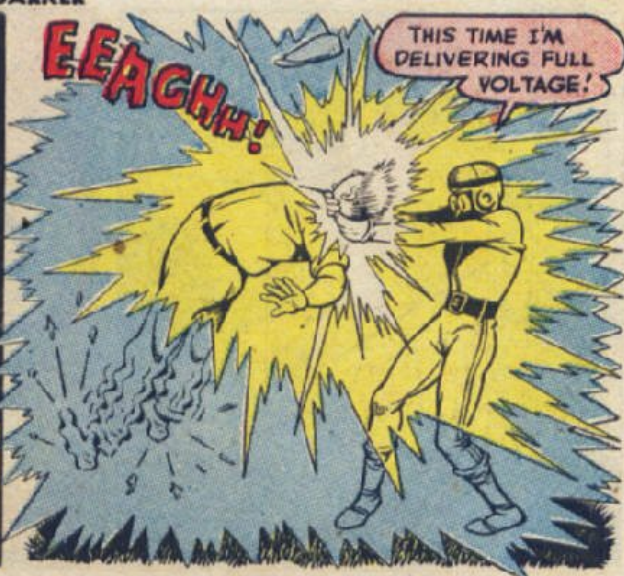


RACE AGAINST
DEATH

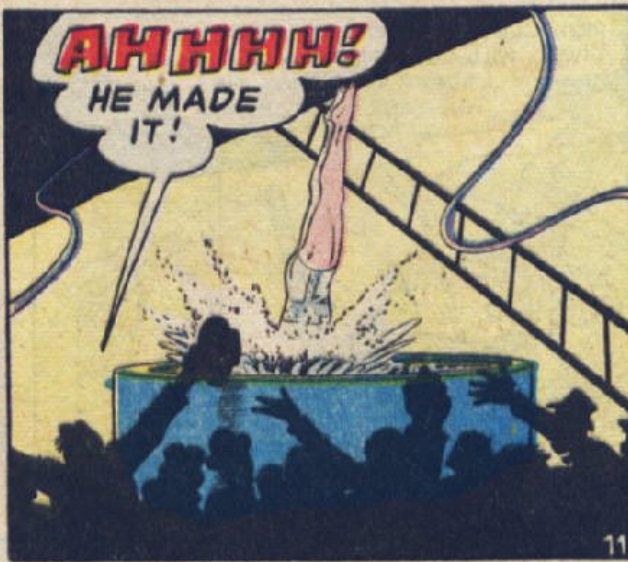
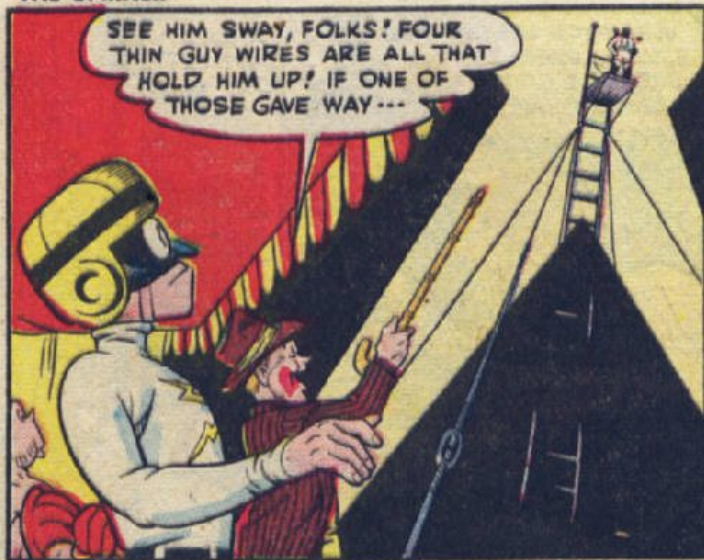
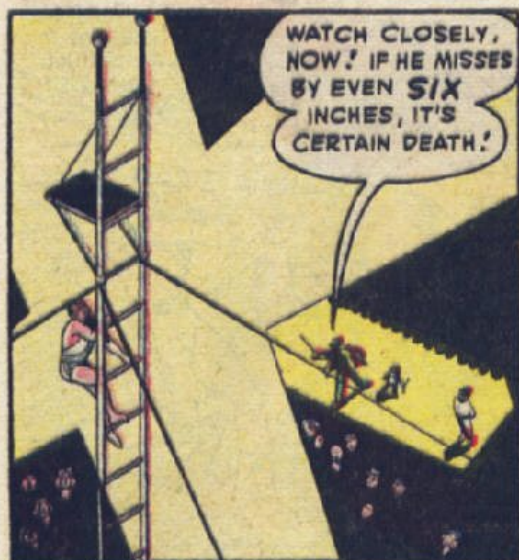


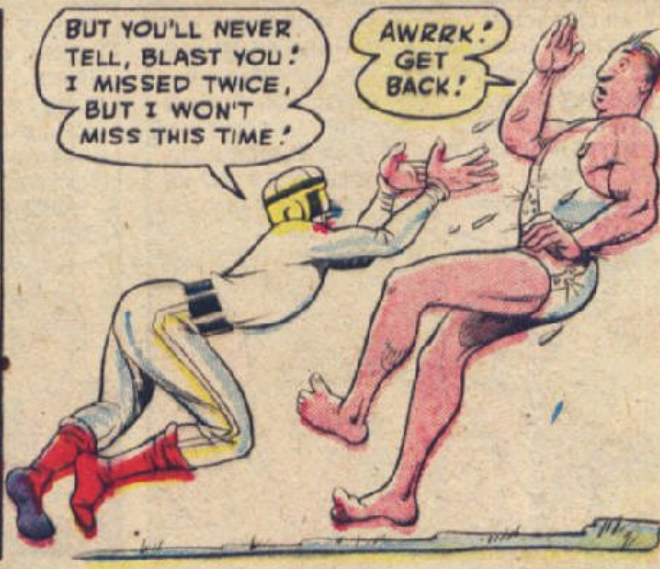
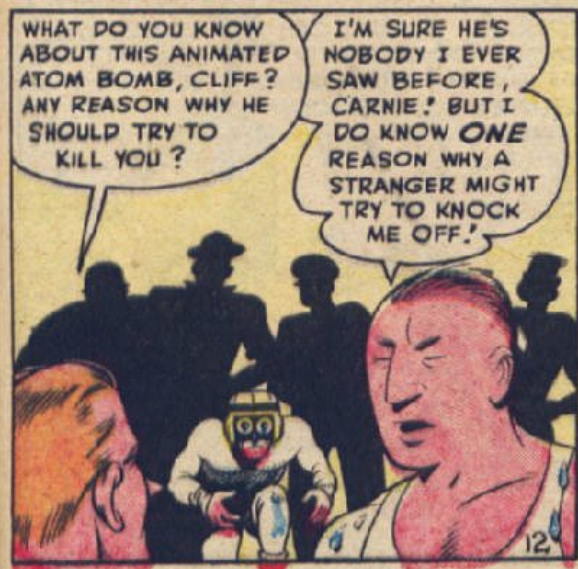
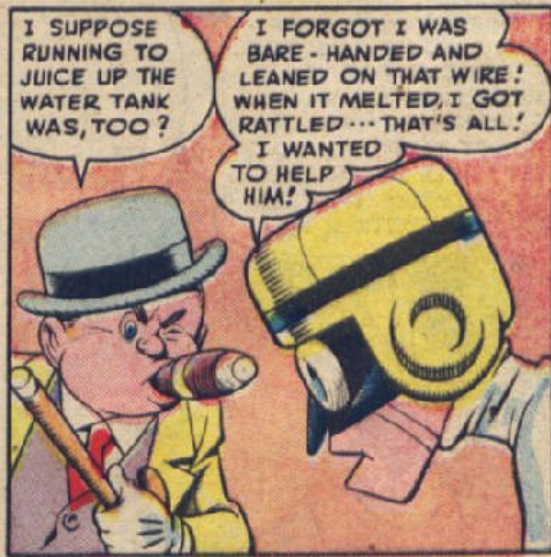
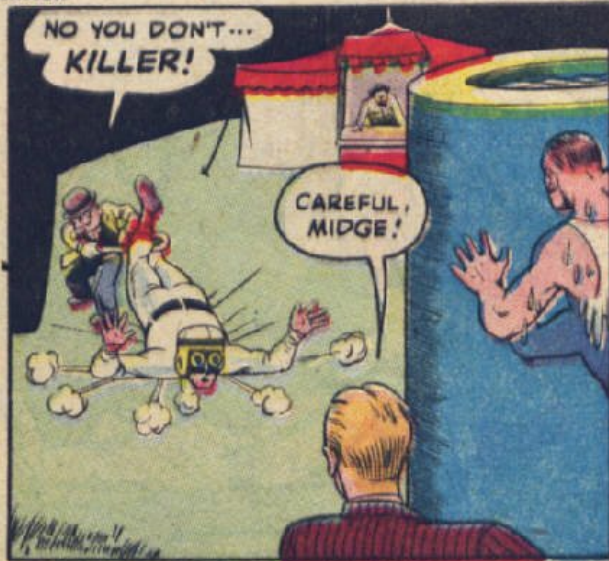


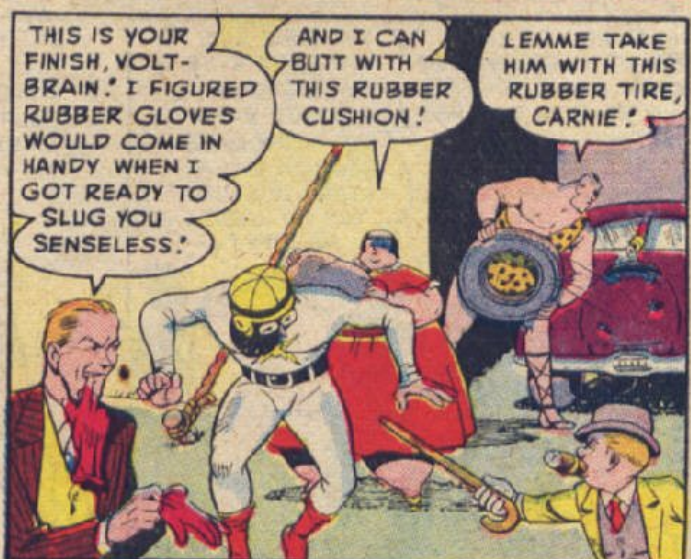
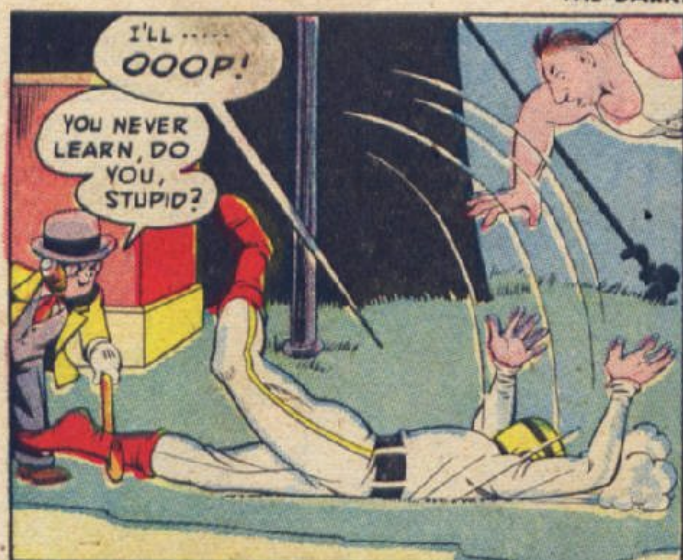




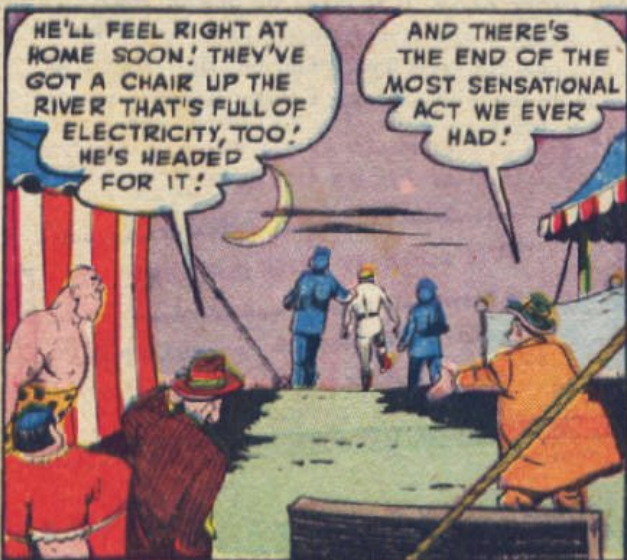
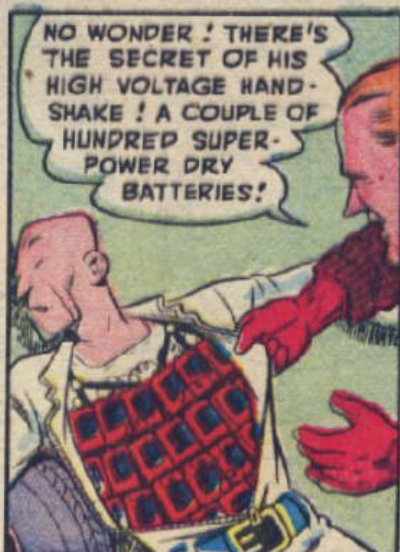
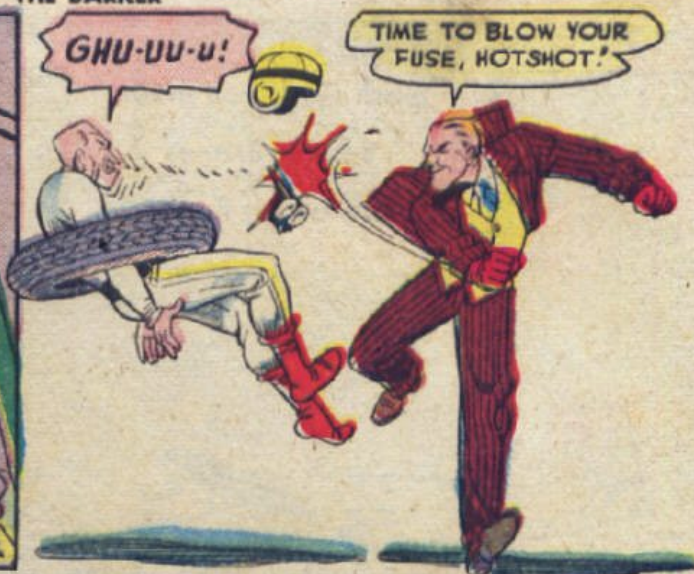
THE BARKER





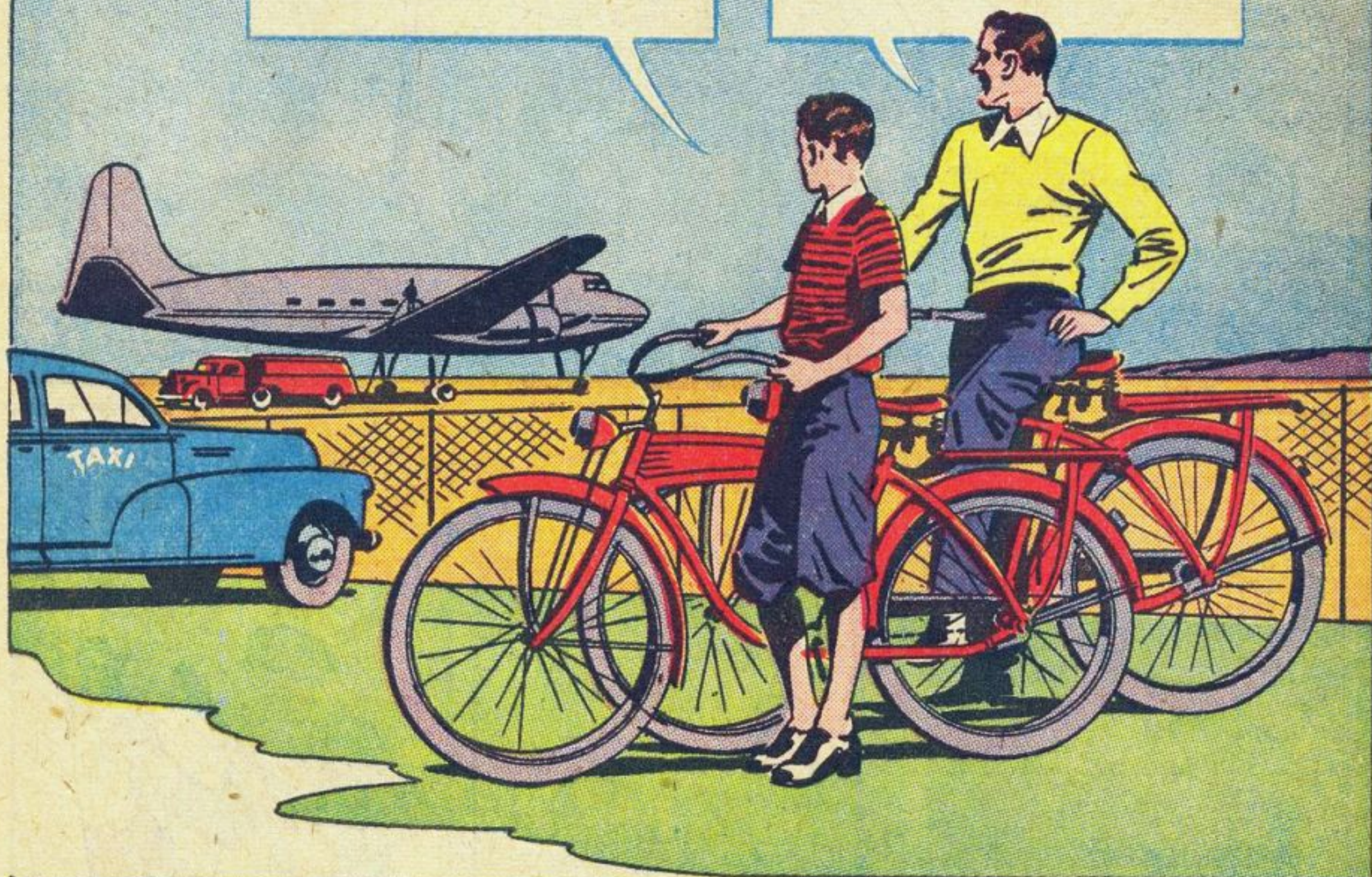


THE BARKER



"Gosh Dad, you mean
Bendix Brakes
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds
brakes for all types of
planes, cars and trucks!"



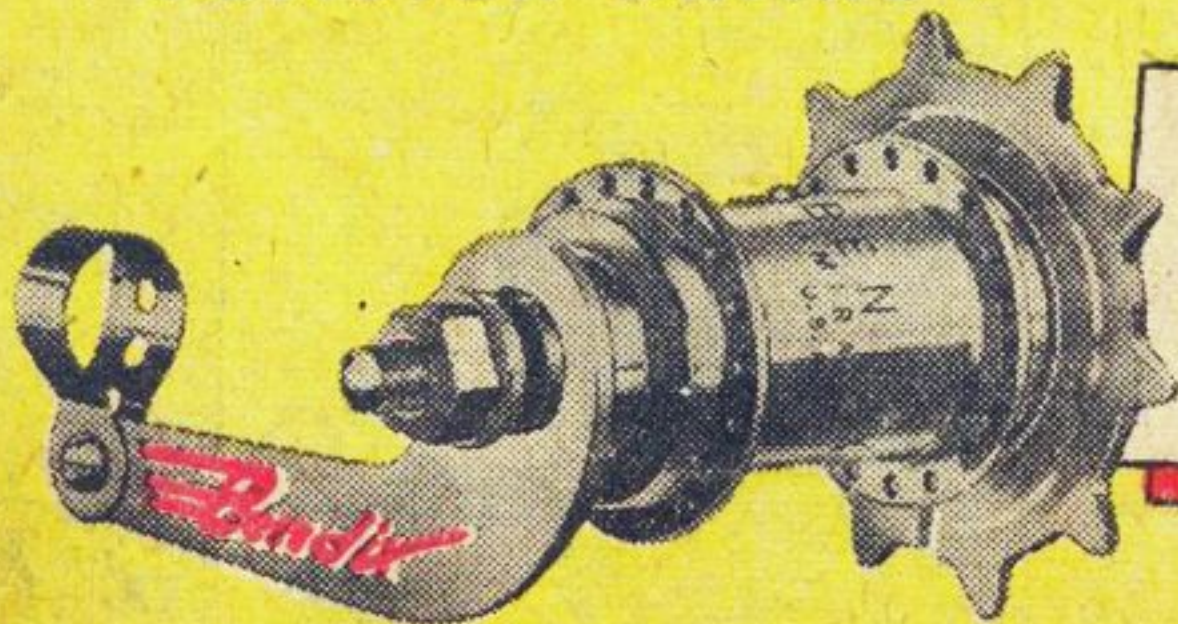
GET THE NEW

Bendix

COASTER BRAKE!

If you want the latest and finest coaster brake be sure that your new bike is equipped with a Bendix® Coaster Brake. It is made by one of America's leading brake manufacturers and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake. ®TRADEMARK

**IT COASTS LONGER • IT PEDALS EASIER
IT STOPS QUICKER**



JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

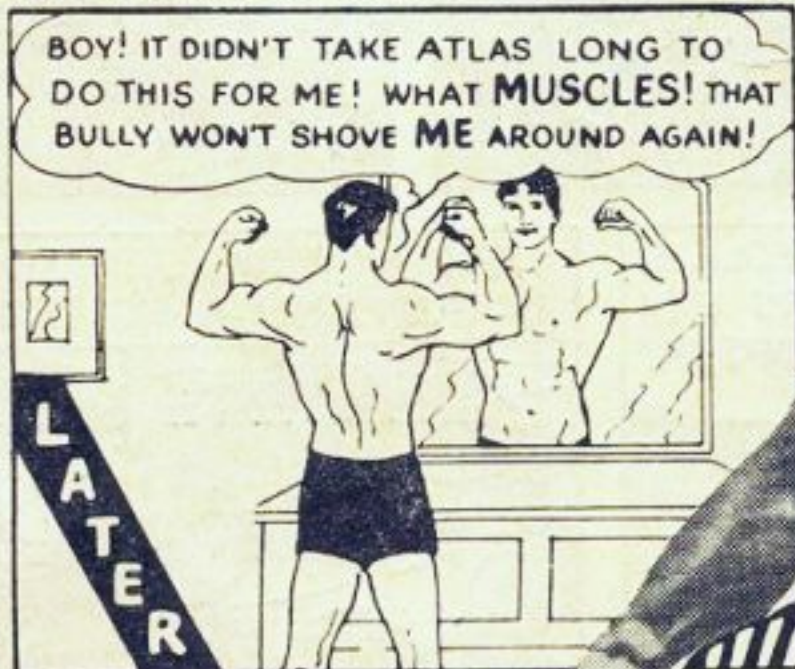
- ★ Easy to put together and take apart
- ★ Longer Life ★ Fewer Parts ★ Easier to Pedal
- ★ Stops Quicker ★ Coasts Longer

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of



ELMIRA, NEW YORK

HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

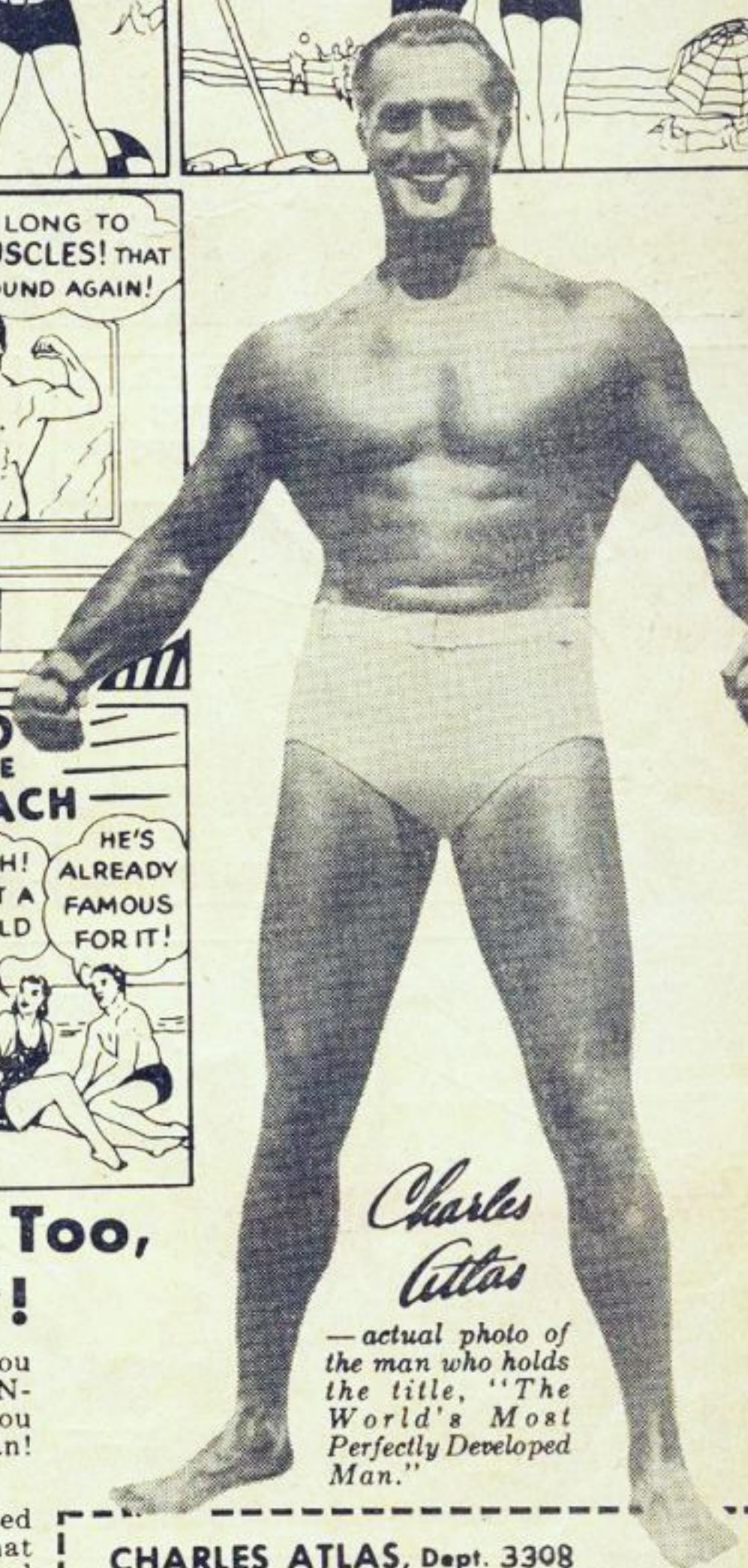
Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3308, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3308
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No. (if any).....State.....

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"OUTWITTING
The KIDNAPPERS"



AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...KIDNAPPERS
LAST SEEN ON
ROUTE 22
DRIVING TOWARD
SPARTA
MOUNTAIN...

GOLLY...
THEY'RE HEADING
THIS WAY!

COME ON,
FELLAS...WE'RE
HEADING FOR
THE CROSSROADS!



A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!

THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR
IS TRAPPED IN A BIG TRAFFIC-JAM!



FELLAS...THE BOYS OF THE BIKE CLUB
AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GIVES US REAL
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!



NEXT ISSUE:
TRAPPING A
BANDIT!



"I CAN STOP FASTER-EASIER-
WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"
--- SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES ARE THE FAVORITE
WITH MOST BOYS. THE REASON? THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GRIPS THE ROAD--IN ANY
WEATHER--GIVES QUICKER, SURER STOPS.
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science